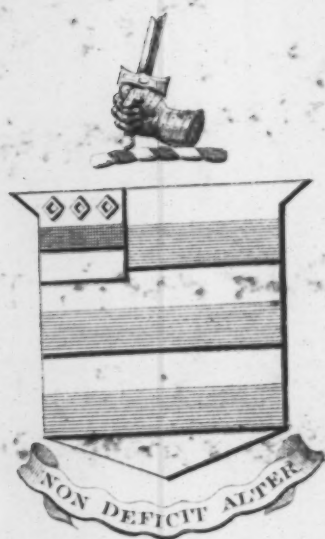




Stainforth

11644 d 30

THE
VISION.

INSCRIBED TO

Mrs. *Woffington*.

Decus et Deliciæ Theatri.

Wrote by a LADY. *K*



D U B L I N:

Printed by JAMES ESDALL, at the Corner of *Copper*
alley, on *Cork-Hill*, M.DCC.LIII.





THE
VISION.

Inscribed to

Mrs. WOFFINGTON.

MUSING last Night on SHAKESPEAR'S
wond'rous Art,
Sweet Slumber-pleasing Lassitude diffus'd
O'er my whole Frame relax'd. — Languid each
Limb :

My Thoughts unfetter'd rang'd on Fancy's Wing ;
And fought the Paradise of happy Dreams.

On *Ida's* verdant Top, (*Ida* so fam'd
In ancient Roundelays) I seem'd to sit
Close at the Side of the young Shepherd Prince.
His auburn Curls in wavy Ringlets play'd
Round his fair Face : Who cou'd from Love refrain ?

Basking in sunny Beams, his fleecy Care
 Amid the Thyme-spread Paths lay stretch'd around.
 Mute sat the Birds, ceasing their Choral Songs,
 Attentive to his dulcet Symphonies,
 (Which sweetly thro' his oaten Pipe he breath'd.)
 The yielding Air the Notes harmonious spread
 Responsive to the Sound, the distant Hills
 Return the lulling Strains ; 'till far remote
 The fainting Eccho dies along the Vale.

Forth from the parted Clouds like Light'ning shot,
Hermes, the nimble Porter of the Skies,
 Before us stood ; presenting *Priam's* Son
 The golden Apple, Discord's dreadful Gift,
 And instant rising, instant disappear'd.

Then in their Cloud-wrapp'd Cars I saw descend
 Slowly, while Rays resplendent round them shone,
 In Height of heavenly Beauty, heavenly Forms,
 Majestic JUNO, Wife to thund'ring Jove,
 PALLAS, Persuasion's Goddess, fond of Arts,
 And VENUS, Queen of Soul-enchanting Love,
 The snowy Confort of the footy God.

While each by Turns fair *Helen's* Hero view'd,
 Up from the Hill a shrill-sent Voice was heard,
Stay, Shepherd, stay, keep up the golden Prize ;
Stay, Shepherd, stay, reverberates the Cry :
 Downward I look'd, and saw a Sage-like Form,
 In Dress antique, panting, in mid-hill Stand.

Up the steep Slope, with painful Steps and slow,
 Again he labour'd, when their timely Aid
Tbalia and grave *Melpomene* bestow'd,
 And up brought safe the Muse-befriended Bard.

In his right Hand he led a lovely Fair,
 Her graceful Mien bespoke the Gazer's Praise ;
 Nicest Proportion, inexpressive Ease
 Sat on her polish'd Form. Expression just
 Her Visage taught, she look'd, she mov'd, she spoke,
 To raise, to warm, to animate the Soul.

Then thus her Guide, (first bowing lowly down)
 " To stop Contention in yon heavenly Breasts,
 " Here Youth bestow well merited the Fruit ;
 " Mark but the heavenly Rhetorick of her Look,
 " Love laughs upon the Apple of her Eye.
 " A pained Impotent she'll force to smile :
 " A wither'd Hermit, worn by fourscore Years,
 " Will bloom to twenty at her warm Approach.
 " Behold, Beard-wanting Boy, the wond'rous Fair,
 " Whose Face can paint each Sentiment of Soul,
 " And can best speak what *Shakespear* best can write.

" In *Albion's* Confines fertile, sea-girt Isle,
 " Where the rough Rocks resounding Surges break,
 " On *Avon's* Banks I tun'd the tragic Strain ;
 " 'Midst magic Tempests, and pale *Hecate's* Charms,
 " Turn'd Thought to Shape, and gave to airy No-
 things,
 " A local Habitation, and a Name.

" Yet

“ Yet still my Words dropp’d tasteless from the
Tongue.

“ Mouth’d in thick Discords, or dispassion’d spoke
“ Tame, with Face blank ; or else in barbarous Roar
“ Rebellow’d round the high theatric Roof.
“ ’Till from this Fair I found the Justice due
“ To me, so long abus’d ; (to me, whose Toils
“ Merit a better Fate, than pedant Pens,
“ Who blot my Pages with Constructions false ;
“ Sully my Scenes with controversial Doubts :
“ And torture each poor Word, ’till they’ve at last
“ Explain’d away my Meaning.)

“ She from the Gloom of Prejudice has snatch’d
“ My Fame obscur’d, illumin’d now anew,
“ Just as the Sun, in Morning’s dusky grey,
“ Disturb’d a Time by Midnight’s brooded Mists :
“ ’Till his-self-light’ned Rays pervade the Fogs,
“ And in unclouded Majesty break forth,
“ Gilding the Zodiac with his glist’ning Beams.”

Resentful *Juno*, with disdainful Smile,
Half turn’d her Head, and view’d as kance the Fair
And thus began the Double-kin to *Jove*.

“ Earth-born Intruder, since thou’st rashly dar’d
“ With saucy Footsteps to imprint this Ground,
“ This Crime t’attone for, let thy much prais’d Dame
“ Thy mortal *Circe*, shew her wond’rous Art.
“ Madam, begin ; ——and Sisters dear attend.”

At once, the Nymph, th’ *Olympian* Bride obey’d,
First sinking graceful down with Head inclin’d,
Fix’d on the Ground each Eye, then rising slow,
Conscious of innate Worth, majestic mov’d ;

Like *Ægypt's* Paragon, when the fond Lord
Of half the conquer'd World liv'd in her Smiles.

First, she assum'd the gay coquetish Form
Of wild *MARIA*, frolic-loving Fair.

Next, smoothly sliding to soft Sounds and slow,
The *MINUET* trod; with scarce-distinguish'd Steps,
Gracefully gliding o'er the grassy Glade.

Then enter'd, as the much-wrong'd pleading Queen,
Henry's too-faithful Consort; *HAPLESS KATE* !
While plaintive Words of Woe dropp'd from her
Tongue,
Now the Lord help me ! struck each startled Ear.

Behold her next, Distraction in her Looks,
As a wild *Widow* for her captive Babe;
Her lovely Face, with fiercest Sorrow swell'd,
Tear fill'd her frantic Eyes; hark ! how she mourns
Pathetic, Raving, each by Turns succeed
Maternal Sorrows; *Her lov'd Son, her Son,*
Her pretty Arthur, her dear Child, her Babe,
She wept incessant, sad, invoking Death.

The heavenly Sisters sympathiz'd, amaz'd,
And trickling Tears, such as *Celestials* shed,
Stole silent down their ever-blooming Cheeks.

Next, all adroit, each taper Thigh enclos'd
In manly Vestments, with *Parisian* Step;
Light as the bounding Doe she tripp'd along,
The gay *LOTHARIO*, in his Age of Joy.

Venus surpriz'd, thus whisper'd, " Let me die,
 " If dear *ADONIS* wore a lovelier Form."
 Then clasp'd the Youth-dress'd Damsel to her Breast,
 And sighing, murmur'd, *O that for my Sake*
Thou wert this Instant what thou represents.

The all-excelling Actress blushing bow'd ;
 Broke from her Arms, and then as *PHÆDRA* rav'd,
 Laft with Lord *Townly's* Wife she clos'd the Scene,

Minerva then her plummy Helmet wav'd,
 And thus the Daughter of great *Jove* began.

SWEET SWAN OF AVON, much thy Speech, but
 now

Promis'd us all, and much we were prepar'd,
 And high-raiſ'd Expectation pois'd on Wing,
 Above us soar'd, to weigh how far this Fair
 Fell ſhort in Action from thy florid Phraſe.
 But here for once even *Shakeſpear* had not Power
 To paint her perfect Portrait ; matchleſs Fair !
 Matchleſs 'mongſt Mortals, hail. And thou great
 Bard,

Nature's chief Darling, to *Hibernia* haſte,
 And place her there to poliſh and inſtruct
 Her Siſters wanting in theatric Art.
 If free from Error, falſe-ſtrain'd female Pride,
 They deign to be improv'd ; then ſtretch'd her Lance,
 The mighty Signal ſhook the teeming Clouds
 Along the diſtant Sky, loud thunder'd roar'd,
 Rattling in Peals on Peals, diſcordant Din.
 Scar'd by the horrid Clangor, I awoke,
 To ſay with *Richard*, *SORT ! I HAD BUT DREAM.*



F I N I S,